

THE
THREE DRUNKARDS.

(Written by Emily, Rachel, and Thomas Nimble)

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HUSBAND, DON'T STAY LONG.

IRA PERKINS;

AND

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

BY WILLIAM SAY GREENLY.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

1858.

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The Three Drunkards,

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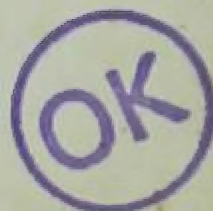
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THE
THREE DRUNKARDS,

(Timothy Trusty, Zachariah Dow, and Thomas Nimble.)

TWO SAVED—ONE LOST.

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BY WILLIAM JAY GREENLY.

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PREFACE.

The Author of the following narrative was born in York county, State of Pennsylvania, May the 16th, 1805. He served two years and seven months at the blacksmith trade, with Mr. David McConehy, in Lewistown, Mifflin county, Penn. After which, in September, 1827, he came to Pittsburgh, Penn., where he worked five years and a half at Mr. Asa Waters' Shovel, Spade and Edge-Tool Factory; and for sometime with Messrs. Lippencott, Packard & Co's, at the same business; and two years with Messrs. Léech, Cinnamon & Co, at the steam engine business. (Reference to Mr. Benjamin South, of New Albany, Ind.) In the year 1841, he located in the city of New Albany, Indiana, where he has been employed the greater part of his time in teaching school. In the month of January, 1856, he was confined to his bed a few days by sickness; and after recovering so as to be able to walk about his room—being very fond of writing—he took up his pen to write a few lines on something; and, after studying a few moments, his mind fastened on a favorite subject of his; viz: TEMPERANCE. He commenced with the intention of writing but a page or two, for pastime. But one idea after another crowded upon his mind till he had written eight pages of cap paper. His mind was in the subject and he continued writing until he had written thirty-five pages, and then laid it aside two years. In January, 1858, he again took up the subject and re-wrote it, with an addition of several other pieces, viz; "DON'T STAY LONG"—"JOHN ALLEN THE SCHOOL TEACHER"—"IRA PERKINS" and "THE PEN AND THE PRESS." He came to the conclusion to have it published in book form, by which he might realize something to pay him for his time and trouble. With this view, he now offers it for the reading—amusement, and perhaps the benefit of those who encourage the improvement of time and talent in all the useful branches of science.

W. J. GREENLY.

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THE THREE DRUNKARDS.

CHAPTER I.

Tim.—Well, Zack, what's the news of the day?

Zack.—Well, nothing new that I know of. The papers are talking loudly of the Presidency—the Governor—the Prohibitory Liquor Law—Free Whisky—Democracy—Know-Nothingism—Americanism—Republicanism—Abolitionism—Fusinoism—Peopleism—Perkinism, and a thousand isms, cisms and tisms.

Tim.—Well, really, that's quite astonishing.—But what did you say about the Prohibitory Liquor Law? What does that mean?

Zack.—Why, it means to put a stop to buying and selling (and of course to drinking) liquor.

Tim.—Well, well; I wonder what the people can be thinking about. Are they really trying to get up such a bill as that before the House, Zack?

Zack.—Well, that's the talk with the people, from what I can learn as I'm passing about through town.

Tim.—Well, if any body had told me that a set of old women could be found, so silly as to intro-

duce such a bill as that, in a free country like this, I wouldn't have believed it; let alone men, professing to have sense. They ought to be sent to the mad-house for life. What do you say to that, Zack?

Zack.—So I say. But look here, Tim. Have you seen or heard that great Temperance Lecturer that has come into the neighborhood, and has been lecturing for several evenings past?

Tim.—Why, yes. My wife was telling me something about him the other day, and begged me to go with her that night to hear him. I promised her I would. She went out to work that day and earned forty cents; and, coming home, she stopped at the grocery to get some sugar, tea, &c., saving one dime to get some meal for supper. She gave me the dime to get the meal, as she was tired and I had been at home all day doing nothing. So I went, and having nothing to drink all day, I made up my mind to stop in the grog-shop and get something to drink—thinking the grocer would trust me for the meal. So in I goes, and meeting an old friend of mine, I spent the dime for whisky. So when I went to the grocery I couldn't get the meal without the money. I goes back to the grog-shop, thinking I could borrow a dime from my old friend whom I had treated, but he was gone. Now, what to do I didn't know; for I was ashamed to go home without the meal, from the fact—the dime I had spent for whisky was my wife's hard earning; knowing, too, that she, with our little daughter, were wait-

ing patiently my return to prepare something to eat. I tried to frame up something for an excuse, but nothing would do. I resolved to go home. After leaving the grog-shop, I met another of my old associates who invited me back to get something to drink. I accepted the invitation, and soon become so high that I forgot all about home, wife, daughter, or anything else. About eight o'clock, I had got a little sober; and, says I, I'll go home, let the consequences be what they may. But when I got home, to my surprise, the house was left all alone. My wife and daughter had gone! But where I did not know. I made up the fire and sat down, feeling quite serious on account of my bad conduct—for, by this time, I had got pretty sober. About eleven o'clock they came home. I tried to look as solemn as I could, asking them where they had been. My wife said: 'we have been to hear the lecture on Temperance;' adding with much affection and mildness, 'I should have been much better pleased had you been with us.' This stung me to my very heart. 'Well,' says I, 'Lizzie dear, forgive me for what I have done and I'll never do so again. I'll go with you to hear the lecture the next night. I spent the dime you gave me for whisky and thought I could get the meal on trust. But the grocer wouldn't trust me. What did you do for bread for your supper?' 'Well, there was a little left from breakfast which done for our supper.'

Zack.—Well, really Tim, you had quite a time of it. I beat you that time. I went with my wife,

to hear the lecture. But I can't tell much about it. For when I went in I was pretty tolerable tight; so much so that I soon went asleep, and when I awoke I wanted to go out and get something to drink to quench my thirst, for I was very dry. But my wife wouldn't come out till the lecture was over. This raised my dander, and I was hot as pepper. The lecture over, and the people dismissed, we all went home; I, abusing my wife and the temperance preacher all the way home.

Before I went to bed, I went to the grog-shop and drank another glass of whisky. When I got home I made quite a smash up among the pots, dishes, &c., for a little while, and then went into the sleeping-room where my wife and little-ones had gone to bed and commenced my abuses there. But to my surprise, the first thing I knew, (it being in the dark,) my wife applied an iron poker to my head, which caused me to cool down a little, and I felt easier from that time until morning, except a pain in my head.

Tim.—Well, Zack, I think you were carrying matters a little too far, laying all jokes aside. But tell me, Zack, how did you make it in the morning?

Zack.—Well, we all got up as usual. My wife went about getting breakfast ready. Neither spoke a word till we sat down to the table to eat, when I mentioned something about the soreness of my head.

She looked at me pretty fierce, and said: 'served you right. Why didn't you act like a man, last

night, and not like a brute.' I studied a bit what I should say. But the exercise of the poker, propelled by my wife's hand, came into my head, and for fear the weight might come on it again, I thought perhaps it would be best to say nothing more about it for the present. But she continued: 'had you been sober as you ought to have been last night, you might have learned a lesson from Mr. Stiles' lecture.' This I could hardly swallow. But, thinks I, I'll be up with you yet. Never mind, Sallie; but I said not a word to her. Breakfast being over, and everything snugly put to its place (for I assure you there is not a nicer housekeeper to be found than my wife,) she leaves the children to take charge of the house, and away she goes, not telling me where, which was something she never done before. I didn't know what to make of it. About four o'clock in the evening, I saw her and your wife coming out of town with this Mr. Stiles, the Temperance Lecturer; one on either side of him, your's on the right and mine on the left. Well, now, says I, what does that mean. I sent one of the little boys up to your house to tell you to come down quick; but you were not at home.

I went to the house to get my pistol, determined, if he came to my house, to tell him to leave or I'd shoot him. But, before he got near my house, he turned off to his boarding house, and the women came on home. Your wife asked me about my health. I told her I was tolerably well, except a pain in my head—thinking this a good opportuni-

ty to expose my wife. But at that moment my wife gave me one sharp look—as much as to say, “now go it and I’ll meet you before you get to your journey’s end.”

Tim.—Well, Zack, I see plainly you’re inclined to be jealous of your wife and any respectable looking man. Now, my wife told me all about how it happened that they were in company together.—Your wife and mine went to town together in the morning, and, as they returned they called at Mr. Hope’s where Mr. Stiles was invited to dine. The women were not aware of this arrangement till they got there, and it being near dinner time, as a matter of course, they were invited to stay and dine, which they did. After which, as Mr. Stiles was coming the same road, he accompanied them as far as the road which led to his boarding house. As for my part, Zack, I love to see my wife in decent company; for, notwithstanding she has of late years been abused by a drunken, dissipated husband, she has seen better days in her maiden and first five years of her married life.

Few women, more amiable and handsome were to be found among the hundreds of her day. And to be honest about the matter, I must confess that whatever may have vanished of her former beauty, and amiableness, my base conduct toward her, has been the cause. But, as I was saying a while ago, I promised her and our little daughter Rosey, to go with them to hear Mr. Stiles lecture, the other evening, which I did, and truly it was just the

very thing, for Mr. Stiles painted out the horrors and miseries of Intemperance, and the beauties and happiness of Temperance, so plain, and it pleased me so well, that when he was done, and the Temperance pledge offered for signers, I was among the first to sign it, as did a number of our old associates.

Zack.—Who of them signed it?

Tim.—Well, there was Bill Duffy, Sam Plowden, Dick Trueblood, Joe Todd, and a number of others.

Zack.—Ah! well, they'll not keep it long, you mark my words.

Tim.—Well, I hope they will. At any rate we're going to form a Temperance Society in this neighborhood. Come, Zack, suppose you go with us to hear the lecture to-night, for yourself.

Zack.—Well, I would go if I didn't hate that fellow so.

Tim.—What fellow?

Zack.—Why, that Stiles.

Tim.—What did he ever do to you to injure you so much?

Zack.—Well, he never done anything to me particularly, but I hate him ever since the night I went to the lecture and quarreled with my wife about him; and then, to think of the iron poker coming in contact with my head, through the agency of my wife's hand. All his fault; for if he had not been in the neighborhood there would have been nothing of it. Moreover, to see my wife flaunting the

streets with him the next day! Oh! I can't stand such doings.

They part for a few days.

CHAPTER II.

THEIR NEXT MEETING—TIM'S PREPARATION FOR
FARMING, &C.

Zack.—What are you going to do with that plow, Tim?

Tim.—Why, I am going to get it repaired, ready for breaking up that twenty acre field yonder for corn and potatoes; and that five-acre patch for oats and flax.

Zack.—Why, what's started you at that?

Tim.—Oh! the Temperance Pledge! Besides, my wife (bless her dear little self) seems so delighted with my joining the Temperance Society, that she advised me to do a little farming this year, in order that we might get out of debt, and do some repairing to the house, as it has been long neglected and become quite shabby looking, as well as ourselves and little Rosey, for the want of good clothing to appear in respectable company; which, I heartily agreed to, and am now about to commence the work.

Zack.—Well, go it, Timothy, while you're young,

and we'll see what you'll make of it. You'll soon get tired of that. So good bye till I see you again.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEXT MEETING—TIM AND ZACK.

We see or hear no more of Zack till the next Sunday morning. When Tim and his wife and daughter were on their way to church, they met Zack coming out of town, kinder laying off a track for a worm-fence. Tim, having made a raise of a new suit of clothes from head to foot. Zack wasn't so drunk but he knew Tim's wife and daughter.—But he couldn't tell what swell-head that was with them. Presently they came up, and Tim says, good morning, Zack. Zack returns the good morning and passes on a few steps, and stops to see if that really was Tim. Well, says he, that's Tim and no mistake. But how did he get that fine suit, that's the question or mystery?

Monday morning brings on a new scene. Zack goes over to Tim's soon in the morning. Tim was in the stable feeding his horses and cattle, singing at the same time quite lively; when, all of a sudden he was surprised with, good morning, Timothy. Good morning, Zack, was the response by Tim.

Zack.—Well, look here, Tim, I come over here this morning expressly to see if I was mistaken or

not, yesterday morning. Was that you going to church with your wife and daughter, or not.

Tim.—Yes sir, that was me.

Zack.—When I first saw you, I says to myself, there's that devil of a Stiles with Tim's wife; and thinks I, mine can't be far off. But when I got a little nigher, I saw it wasn't Stiles; and says I, what swell-head can that be. And when I come up you spoke. I knew your voice, but still, thinks I, I might be mistaken. Why you've made quite a tall raise. Where did you get that fine suit, if it is a fair question?

Tim.—The question is a fair one, and I am pleased to have the opportunity to tell you how I raised it. I went down town last Saturday, and in passing John Lemon's tailor shop, he called me in. Says he; I hear you've signed the Temperance Pledge. Yes, says I, I have. Well, says Mr. Lemon, I am really glad to hear it. Don't you want to buy a good suit of clothes? Yes, says I, but I'm too poor to buy any at this time. Well, says he, they tell me you are preparing to put in a large crop of corn and potatoes, &c. Yes, says I, that's my intention. Well, says he, I'll tell you what I'll do. You may have anything you want in my line, and I'll take it out in corn and potatoes next fall. Well, agreed, says I; and I took me a suit from head to foot, and a dress a piece for my wife and daughter. And I tell you what, when I went along the streets in town yesterday, my new boots kept such a crying and screeching, as if to say

No more whisky! No more whisky!! And everybody and the rest of mankind, seemed to be astonished; for I hadn't been seen with broadcloth on my back for years before.

Zack.—Well, I suppose I may consider our friendship near about at an end; for, as you are beginning to look up in the world, you'll not want to associate with such a poor fellow as me.

Tim.—Well, Zack, that depends upon circumstances. If you intend pursuing your present course, I can't associate with you any longer. But if you will reform and become a sober, industrious, upright man, I shall be pleased to be your associate.

Zack.—Well, its a free country. We can all do as we please. So, good-bye, Tim.

CHAPTER IV.

MEETING OF ZACK AND SAM NOBLE.

The next day after Zack left Tim, he came in contact with his old friend Sam Noble; when Zack related his troubles, as follows:

Zack.—Look here, Sam. I was down town yesterday, looking round, and of all the jib jab I ever heard in my life, it beat all.

Sam.—What about?

Zack.—Why, the women seemed like if they were

going crazy. It was nothing but Mr. Stiles, Mr. Stiles, Mr. Stiles, Mr. Stiles. Stiles, was all the go. I saw Tom Nimble laying in a fence-corner with a gun, watching to shoot him as he came out of town. Says I, Tom, what are you doing there? Why, says he, I'm going to shoot that old Stiles!—What for, says I? Why, I was told that he was seen kissing my wife last night, and I'm determined to shoot him. Well, Tom, I believe it, and if I catch him about my house, he's a dead man, sure.

Sam.—Look here, Zack. I don't believe that your wife or Tom's either, would be caught kissing Mr. Stiles, or any other respectable, sober man, unless when it was in company, where, you know its quite common. Even then I don't approve of it much, but I have thought that women, who have drunken husbands could not be blamed much were they to kiss a sober man once-in-a-while, to refresh their memories of better days; for you know, Zack, that when you first married your wife, you were a sober, industrious, upright man, and much better company than you are now. Recollect how fond she was of you. But, for fifteen years you have been a drunkard, and have abused yourself, so, that you don't look like the same man. You have so nearly changed from a human being to a whisky barrel that when you come into the house you smell like a rum.cask. If you attempt to kiss your wife, it seems to her almost like bussing the bung-hole of a whisky barrel. If she sits down to the table to eat and you are there, the smell of

whisky is there, and she can't enjoy a good meal without being annoyed with the abominable smell of whisky. If, after a hard day's labor, she retires to bed to take her rest, it seems as if a walking whisky barrel went to the same bed. So just think for a moment, that if she had kissed Mr. Stiles, it was only bringing to her mind that she used to kiss a sober man in the early part of her married life.

Zack.—Well, Sam, there's a good deal of truth in that kind of talk, I assure you. But then, what's the use in making such a dreadful fuss about one man. They can't all have him.

Sam.—Oh, the talking a great deal about the good character and qualities of a man, don't go to say they all want to marry him. Those women are only pleased to see the good effect his lectures have upon their husbands, fathers, brothers, sons and neighbors.

Zack.—Well, at any rate, he'd better leave here. He's been here long enough. He don't belong here no how, and that's always the way with these strays when they come here. They always know more than anybody else. Our own citizens can't get a word in edgeways. If I had my way I'd make them leave in double-quick time. Why, Sam, if you'd experienced what I have here lately, you'd be down on them too. There's my wife, who used to be one of the most quiet, inoffensive, well-contented women to be found in this section of country, is now one of the most discontented, unhappy creatures to be found anywhere. And all since this

Secondly, if the discipline of the church is lived up to, it's Temperance enough of itself, without any extra Society. Besides, the church don't bind you so tight that you shan't drink a drop, or take a little once-in-a-while; for I know of some who take a little every day, and some of them get very how-come-you-so, too; and some of the preachers will take a little, too, and there's never anything said about it; or, at least, it's never brought before the church. And then, thirdly, as I said before, I'll be a step ahead of old Tim.

Sam.—Well, Zack, any way for a beginning.—But I'm afraid if you adopt, as a precedent, the course of those you've just named, you won't do much good.

Zack.—Well, I'll try it anyhow. I told my wife I would and she seemed quite delighted with the idea, and don't seem like the same woman ever since. I haven't drank anything since, and she is so kind to me. Besides, everything about the house seems to have a better appearance. I've been about home more, and the children enjoy themselves so well in my company. I had told Sallie, my wife, that I was going with her to church the next Sunday, so she commenced washing my clothes for the occasion. Now, don't understand by this expression, that I went about with dirty clothes.—Not so. Sallie always had my clothes clean, such as they were. True, sometimes I was not fit to be seen, when I would get drunk and fall about in the mud. But that wasn't Sallie's fault. She pre-

pared my clothes with the more delight, in view of my joining the church, as I told her I would.— But when she came to examine my coat, it was past recovery. She told me she wanted me to appear decent, but that my coat could not be repaired.— ‘Well,’ says I, ‘Sallie, I’ll stay at home on Sunday, with the children, and you go to church, and, by the next Sunday, I’ll have made arrangements to get me a new coat.’

This didn’t seem to satisfy her, from the appearance of her countenance, which was a plain index to her inward feeling. This was Friday afternoon. She said she had a little business down town, and wished me to stay with the children till she returned. I watched her lovely form as she passed down the road, and the three first years of our married life came fresh to my mind; though they had been buried, as it were, for fifteen years in obscurity, from the effects of Intemperance.

She goes to Silas Gooden’s, where she used to wash. He kept a clothing store. She says to Mr. Gooden, ‘I have good news to tell you.’ ‘Well, what is it?’ ‘Why, my husband has made up his mind to join our church.’ ‘Well, really, that is good news. When is he going to join?’ ‘Well, he said he wanted to join next Sunday, but in trying to get his clothes ready, I find his coat won’t do at all; and I don’t want him to go to church, looking so shabby. He said he would wait till the next Sunday; but I thought, perhaps, you would let me have a coat for him and I’ll see you paid.’ ‘Certainly, certainly,’ says Mr. Gooden. ‘Tell him to

come down here to-morrow and pick out one to suit him.' So home she came and tells me what arrangements she had made, and I must go in to-morrow and select my coat. This was good news to me, but I felt ashamed to go for the coat. But, to satisfy my wife, I went. On entering the store, Mr. Gooden, says: 'Well, Zack, how do you do?' 'I'm well thank you, how are you? My wife wished me to come down here and pick out a coat.'-- 'Yes, I told her I'd let you have one, as you had made up your mind to join the church, which, I was truly glad to hear. I hope you will do well.' I was about to select me a low-priced linsey, as it is called; but, says, Mr. Gooden; 'Oh! here, get a good one, while you are at it.' Says, I; 'I'm not able.' 'I'll make you able,' says Mr. Gooden.

'There's John Lemon, let Tim Trusty have a full suit from head to foot; besides, a dress a piece for his wife and daughter.' 'Yes,' says I; 'but Tim has made a fair start for a good crop; while it's too late now to put in much of a summer crop.' 'Well, but you have considerable wood-land, and I want about forty cords of wood in the fall, and I may as well buy it from you as anybody else.'-- 'Well,' says I, 'it's a bargain.' And I picked me out a full suit, hat and boots included; and a dress a piece for my wife and daughter, Pollie, and some summer cloth for the two little boys, Tommy and Jimmy; and home I started. But, I hadn't gone far before I met Tom Nimble, standing at Jack Sly's grocery.

'Halloo, Zack! what have you got there?' 'Oh,

nothing much.' 'Come in,' says Tom, 'and have something to drink.' Says I, 'no I thank you;' and went on my way. 'There,' says Tom, 'another fool has left the ranks. That's some more of old Stiles' work. Look here, Zack! They told me that old Stiles, the Temperance Preacher, was seen kissing your wife in the dark, last night.'

I never let on that I heard him; knowing that my wife was at home from four o'clock in the evening, till I left home this morning. I had once made up my mind to go back and knock him down.— But again, I thought he wasn't worth minding, and I went on home. The children saw me coming and ran to meet me, each one taking a package, and running to the house where their ma stood in the door, anxious to see what I had bought.

Every thing was unwrapt and examined, and Sallie was overjoyed.

'Well,' says she, 'Tim Trusty won't be far ahead of you, after all.' 'No,' says I. 'I'd like to see Tim; but I'll wait till to-morrow, and take him by surprise at the church, for he'll not be looking for me there. Look here, Sam Noble! You ain't gone to sleep while I'm talking to you, are you?

Sam.—Oh, no, Zack! I'm listening to you very attentively.

Zack.—Well, that's right. I want you to hear me out; and then I'll hear what you've got to say in your case.

Sam.—Very well, Zack; go ahead; it's very interesting to me, I assure you.

Zack.—Well, Sunday morning came. All were up—the breakfast got ready and eat—the things washed and put away. Sallie commenced dressing the children; but their clothes not being very commendable, they were left at home to mind the house; with a promise that they should have their new clothes made up by next Sunday. Having all things arranged, and all dressed, Sallie and I let out on our way to church. All along the way I was afraid Tim would see me before I got there.

Well, we got to church, and went in. About the first man I saw was Tim. He looked around in the direction I was sitting, but I was dressed so fine he didn't know me, as I was about the last man he would have looked for in church. The preacher, (Mr. Blake,) arose and gave out the hymn, and after singing and prayer, took his text in these words:

'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.'

He preached an excellent sermon; and while the collection was being taken up, I saw the Steward go to him and whisper something. The preacher then got up and said:

'Perhaps there may be persons present who wish to join the church.'

My wife looked over at me, giving her head a nod. Presently, I saw Bill Duffy and his wife go up. Next, went Joe Todd and Tim Trusty; and while they were singing and coming to these words:

Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven,

I went up and stood right by the side of Tim ; but he, with his head down, didn't know me. But now, the secret's to be made public. The preacher, after he had announced the names of all the rest, says :

'This congregation will please notice that Zachariah Dow, [Tim looked up] makes application to become a member of this church, if there are no objections.'

After the announcement, Tim and I embraced each other, and such a time as we did have you never saw in all your life, I know.

Well, we went home, and the next week things went on so well, that I thought to myself, 'Tim's ahead of me yet. He belongs to the Temperance Society and the church both.' So, I says to my wife, 'I believe I'll join the Temperance Society, too.' 'Well' says she, 'do.'

Now, Sam, you said you was going to join the Temperance Society ; suppose you come along to-morrow night, I'm going to join.

Sam.—Quite a change. A few days ago, I was trying to persuade you to join and you wouldn't hear to it. Now, here you are trying to coax me to join. Well, Zack, there's no harm done ; I'm agreed ; let us go.

The morrow night came, and away they went to the Society, and both joins.

Tim Trusty was President of the Society. Mr. Stiles was there and lectured, and Zack and him became acquainted, and Zack asked him, with Tim

and his wife, and others, to dine at his house the next day.

A great change in less than three months!—Drunkards reclaimed and Mr. Stiles still alive and at his post. No woman has left her husband yet, and gone off with Mr. Stiles.

CHAPTER V.

TIM'S PROSPERITY AFTER JOINING THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

After Tim had got his place repaired, he began to build up the fences, clean off the ground, repair the barn and stables, &c., &c.; while his wife began to fix up the house. The windows that, formerly, were stopped up with daddy's old trowsers, coats and hats, were now removed and replaced with glass. The house is white-washed inside and painted outside. A new carpet is put on the floor—the fence around the yard white-washed, and everything looks nice, neat and surpassingly clean as may be easily imagined, when we take into consideration who is mistress of the place; for Lizzie Trusty is one of perfection's own subjects; her daughter Rosey, a true model of her ma, and her pa's heart delight, is also busy at work, assisting her ma in keeping the house nice and clean; and,

also working in the garden. Why, just see what a difference there is between Lizzie Trusty and Suse Runabout, who comes to church almost every Sunday, with an old greasy sun bonnet on, and, an old dress with grease enough in it to make a half gallon of soap, while her head looks like as if it hadn't been combed for two weeks. Go to her house when you may, you scarcely ever find her at home. She is always on the pad, carrying news from house to house, while her poor little children don't see her, sometimes from morning till night. Her house, you can hardly enter for dirt—her children are ragged and dirty—their faces washed only on Sunday—their little heads very seldom combed—her own clothes about half put on, looking more like a drunken woman than anything else. Now its not that Suse can't do better, for she has got an industrious husband, who earns money, brings it home and gives it to her; and, often scolds her about not having herself and children fixed up a little better. But she is too lazy to do her work at home. She runs about from house to house, and spends her money for cake and candy, and one foolish thing and the other, that is of no use at all.

Suse is not the only one of that stamp. We might name more of them if we had time. Here a few of them get mad now, and say:

‘Well, dirty as we are, we don't get drunk.’

Oh! but we know better. You do get drunk, too.

But, to return to Tim's farm.

He plowed his ground—planted his corn and potatoes—sowed his oats and flax, and everything looked fair for a good crop.

Well, the season was a good one and the crop yielded abundant. Tim paid his tailor's bill—all his expenses for repairs, &c., and had three hundred dollars in cash, left; besides, enough of everything to do him till crop time again. Now, all this was the fruits of Mr. Stiles' lectures.

CHAPTER VI.

ZACK'S DINNER NEXT DAY AFTER JOINING THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

After returning home that night from the Society, Zack tells his wife that he had invited Mr. Blake, the minister, Mr. Stiles, Tim and his wife and several others to dinner next day. All was right with Mrs. Dow.

She was up next morning early, and when breakfast was over commenced to prepare for dinner.—She arranged her house as neatly as possible—for, it must be recollected that Zack had not been a member of the church and Temperance Society, long enough to make much of a change in the looks of the house; but so far as the dinner was concerned, everything was nice, I assure you.

The company gathered. They had quite a joy-

ful time—talking over the good effects of Temperance lectures—the preaching of the gospel—the influence of Sabbath Schools, Missionary Societies, &c. At that time they had neither Sabbath, or day Schools in the neighborhood. They suggested plans to get up both as soon as possible. Dinner over, and the time well spent, the company dispersed. Everything arranged and put to its place. Night came on and the children put to bed. Sallie takes her sewing and sits down to work, for she had promised the children to have their new clothes done by next Sunday. Zack takes up the Bible and sits down by the stand to read. After a few moments, he says;

‘Well, Sallie, this puts me in mind, somewhat, of former days. Year after year has passed away until they have numbered fifteen, since we enjoyed such a season as this. But, I regret more than anything else, my base treatment towards you.

Sallie.—Don’t be troubled about that, Zack.—We have now made a new beginning and we’ll try to do better the balance of our days. I’ll try to do my part, I assure you. Now, you must not forget your contract with Mr. Gooden. Try to fulfill that. I’ll help you all I can, and we’ll get along. Should we live to see next year, things about our little farm will look very different.

Zack.—Well, I hope so, Sallie. Should I live to see to-morrow, I’ll take my axe to the blacksmith and have it steeled and ground, and a new handle put in it, ready to go to work on Mr. Good-

en's forty cords of wood next Monday morning.— Though I've not cut much wood for some years, yet, after the first two or three days, I believe I can cut and put up two cords a day. Well, in a month and a half I'll have the forty cords ready for hauling, and if Tim don't mind, I'll have my tailor bill paid up before he gets his paid.

Sallie.—If we try to do right, I believe the Lord will bless us.

Well, Sunday morning came. All are up and breakfast was got ready early. Zack says to Sallie, in presence of the children :

'Ma, I have joined the church, its true, but I have got no religion. I hope it wont be long before I will have, though. We should have prayer on Sunday morning at any rate. Will you pray? She took up the cross and prayed. After which breakfast was ate and all prepared for church. Sallie having finished the children's new clothes, all the family went, leaving the house to take care of itself. After the sermon was over, a proposition was made by the pastor to organize a Sabbath School, which was heartily responded to, and a school was gotten up of some thirty scholars. Mr. Stiles, having permanently located in the neighborhood, was elected Superintendent. Tim and his wife; Zack and his wife; Joe Todd and his wife, and others, volunteered as teachers. Thus the march of moral and religious improvement progressed in that neighborhood.

Having gained Tim and Jack, our next effort will

be to see what can be done with Tom Nimble, an old associate of the two former, (Tim and Zack.)

CHAPTER VII.

THOMAS NIMBLE—HIS IRRECOVERABLE CONDITION.

Tom Nimble, as he was called, was the son of old Richard Nimble, alias, Dick Nimble, who was a wealthy farmer. Tom being a very shrewd boy his father thought a great deal of him, and assisted him to commence his career in life for himself, by setting him up in the grocery business, which he followed very attentively, and with great success. At the age of twenty-two years he married a beautiful young lady of about seventeen, by the name of Lucy Rice. His business increased very rapidly every year, till finally he fancied he could cope with the most wealthy of the place. He lived in a splendid house on one of the most popular streets in the town. His house was well furnished and well managed by a loving wife, who thought nothing too nice, or good, for the comfort of her husband, who, in return, thought nothing too valuable for her happiness. At an early hour in the evening, he would retire from his business to his dwelling, to spend his leisure hours with his beloved wife. All this time he never indulged in the drun-

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kard's cup. At length, one evening he came home later than usual, which was a strange move to his wife, who inquired the cause. He told her that his business was increasing so rapidly, that he was compelled to stay longer at the store than usual.—He seemed quite lively and playful that night—more so than common. His wife noticed that something was not quite right, as she thought she smelt something like rum or whisky. She said to him, in her usual way,

‘Tommy, havn’t you been drinking?’

He answered,

‘No! I have had the toothache all day and I held some brandy in my mouth before I left the store.’

This seemed to satisfy her mind for the time being. The next night he staid out a little later, and when he came home he was, in a manner, staggering. His wife asked him what was the matter.—He told her he was quite sick from the effects of some brandy he had held in his mouth a few minutes before he left the store, for the toothache; having his jaws tied up at the same time. He was so sick he had to go to bed without his supper.—The next morning he was better. It was Saturday and he started to the market—returned—waited till he got his breakfast, and then away he goes to the store. At noon he came home to dinner; and, on leaving again for the store, he told his wife that she needn’t wait supper on him. Stating, that as it was Saturday night he would have a great deal

to do; and, that he wished to post his books, ready for business on Monday morning, which would make it late before he would get home. She said she would bring him something to eat to the store, as it would be too long to do without anything.

‘No!’ says he, ‘that would be too much trouble, my dear. I know I shall not get hungry, and can wait very well till I come home.’

And away he goes.

About nine o’clock, while Mrs. Nimble was examining her stock of groceries for over the Sabbath day, she found the sugar was out. She got one of her neighbor women, Mrs. Potter, to go with her to the grocery for sugar. When they got there the store was closed; and, as they were informed by the people next door, had been for two hours.

Mrs. Potter seemed to think it strange that the store had been closed for two hours, and Tommy not returning; but Lucy never let on what she thought about it; but said she expected it to be a mistake about the store being closed two hours. She guessed they had missed him, and that he was at home by this time. Lucy having a little change with her, stopped in Mark Wells’ grocery to buy some sugar; all the while wondering to herself, ‘where can my Tommy be? Having left the store two hours ago, and not home yet. There is something wrong about this, surely.’

Now, Mark, in addition to his grocery, keeps a sort of news-room, as it is called. So, while he was weighing the sugar for Lucy, she heard a

voice in the news-room adjoining the grocery, like that of her husband's. She listened to hear it again. Presently, she heard a coarse laugh,

'Ha, ha, ha, I guess I got you that time, Nimble!'

Lucy stepped to the door that led to the room, and who should she see sitting at the card table, with some three or four others, but her husband, Tommy, with four or five glasses of liquor on the table. When the sugar was weighed and tied up, Lucy and her companion went home. She was much troubled in mind, yet, as cheerfully as she could, she went about getting her husband's supper ready, thinking he would soon be home. But, hour after hour passed away, and no Tommy. At length the clock struck one—Sunday morning.—He came home very much under the influence of liquor. Lucy had not yet gone to bed; for her mind was so troubled on account of what she had seen with her own eyes, and the fears of the future, that she knew she could not sleep if she went to bed. She met him at the door. Said he,

'Why, Lucy dear! Not gone to bed, yet?'

'Oh, no,' said she. 'how could I, strange as matters seem to be going on. What has kept you so late, or so early, might I not say, for it is now Sunday morning.'

He said he was busy with his customers till late. After which he posted his books, ready for business on Monday morning, (as he had told her at noon,) which kept him longer than he expected. But Lucy knew all about the matter, although he thought

he was fooling her. But, like a sensible woman, she thought she would say nothing to him about it, till he was perfectly sober.

After eating a bite, they retired to bed. Sunday morning at day-light, Lucy was up and got breakfast ready. Tommy feigned to be sick; which, no doubt he was, from the effect of drinking too much, and a little ashamed, too, to see his wife, on account of his bad conduct towards her, and fearing she might find out his last night's proceedings.—He wouldn't get up. She let him take his own time to get up; but was bent on telling him all about his doings the night before.

At length, about ten o'clock, he got up, and got ready for breakfast. They both sat down to the table. While eating, he was talking about the increase of his business, which caused his absence from his companion, of late, more than formerly.

'Well,' said Lucy, 'it is said that honesty is the best policy; and I believe it, and am determined to follow it. In preparing for the Sabbath, last evening, I was looking over my stock of groceries and found that the sugar was out. So, about nine o'clock, I got Mrs. Potter to go with me down to the store for sugar—thinking you would be about ready to close and would come home with us; but, to my surprise, when we got there the store was closed, and had been for two hours, they told us next door. This was a strange move to me. I knew not what to make of it. But, to keep the matter hid from Mrs. Potter, I said nothing about it. As I had

some charge with me I stopped into Mark Wells' grocery, on my way home, to buy some sugar, and while there, heard your voice in the next room. I could hardly believe my own ears, until I heard a coarse laugh, 'ha, ha, ha! I guess I got you that time, Nimble.' I went to the door and saw you sitting at the card table. Oh, Thomas! Thomas!! I have been in dread for some days past, and that dread is increased from what I have seen with my own eyes, and the tokens of the future.'

Tom acknowledged the corn, and went on to tell his wife, how it was, and all about it.

'A few evenings ago, I was persuaded to play a game or two of cards for pastime. I did so, and after playing several games, being successful, I was persuaded to play for money. One dollar was put up on both sides, and I was the winner for several games. The luck turns, and I lost all I had won and seven dollars besides; and, as drinking and card playing go together, I had taken my share of the drink. Hence, the smell of brandy taken for the toothache the first night, as I made you believe, Lucy. Well, the second night I felt anxious to win back what I had lost the first night; and again I stopped to try my luck. I was winner the first three games, which encouraged me to banter for higher stakes.

'I was playing with Archy Monroe. I bantered him for a stake of ten dollars, which, he reluctantly accepted and put up the money. I won the ten dollars. By this time I had won back the ten dol-

lars I had lost the night before, and ten dollars over. I called for several glasses of brandy and after drinking, I was about to start home, but Monroe insisted on another game before parting, which, I agreed to. Another ten dollars was put up, which I won; another glass of liquor was called for and drank; after which, we held up for that night.'

CHAPTER VIII.

NIMBLE AND MONROE MEET AGAIN.

It will be observed that Tom's former success in business had made him master of one hundred thousand dollars in money and other property.— But we shall see what became of it, and, by what means he lost it. We have shown in the preceding chapter his beginning in the gambling and drinking business, and will in this, his continued success in gambling, up to the time his luck takes a turn, and down the hill he goes.

It was agreed upon at their last meeting, to meet again on Saturday night. Tom says to Monroe,

'To-morrow night being Saturday night, I'll close my store at dark, and we'll meet here early and take a fair start.'

Monroe seemed to be quite reluctant in accepting the proposition; yet, in his own mind it was just

what he wanted, for he could see the track clear to the end.

On parting, on the night referred to in the last chapter, they took the parting glass of liquor, and homeward Tom steers, pretty well 'soaked,' as the saying is. His wife had been waiting patiently for him, with the supper all ready. She went to the door about eleven o'clock. It being moon-light, she saw him coming toward the house, staggering, and with his face tied up, which, somewhat frightened her. She asked him what was the matter; to which he answered, he had the toothache, and he held brandy in his mouth, which made him very sick, and had to go to bed without his supper, as we mentioned in another chapter.

Saturday morning came. Tom arose, and the preliminaries, as we before mentioned, passed away with the day, and night made its appearance. According to arrangement, Tom and Archy, with others, met at the appointed time and place. The table being prepared, they took their seats, calling for something to drink, as an introduction to their night's work. The reader will recollect that Tom was twenty dollars winner when quitting, on the previous night.

'Well, Monroe,' says Tom, 'what's the pile to begin on to-night.'

'Well, suppose we say twenty-five dollars.'

'Agreed,' said Tom.

The money was put up and Tom was winner.—Monroe seemed to be somewhat enraged, and said:

'I'll play no more.'

‘Oh, yes,’ said Tom; ‘don’t stop at that. What’s twenty five dollars? Say fifty this time, and perhaps luck may turn in your favor.’

Fifty dollars is put up and Tom wins again.—Something to drink was called for and drank.

‘Now,’ says Monroe, ‘I’ll bet you one hundred dollars, if you dare, that I beat you this game.’

Tom, quite sure of success, put up the money and won again. By this time, Monroe becomes more ambitious, as Tom had the better of him, one hundred and ninety-five dollars.

‘Nothing daunted,’ said Monroe. ‘Tom, I’ll bet you five hundred dollars, this pop, if you dare.’

This seemed to scare Tom a little, at first, but his success, hitherto, arrayed itself before him, when he put up the money and won again.

‘Now,’ says Monroe to himself, ‘you have gone about far enough for this time. I guess I shall have to call you back a step or two. So,’ said he, ‘I believe I’ll quit.’

‘Well,’ said Tom, ‘I’m agreed if you are. But suppose we have another drink before we part.’

The liquor was brought and drank.

‘So, you won’t play any more, will you,’ says Tom.

‘Oh, no,’ said Monroe, ‘six hundred and ninety-five dollars, is enough to lose in one night.’

‘Well,’ said Tom, ‘I’m satisfied—’ and pausing a few moments—‘but come, now, Archy,’ said Tom, ‘I’ll bet you one thousand dollars that I can beat you the next game, if you dare. Now, I’ve never

backed out of any banter you've made to-night.'

'That's true, Tom.'

'Well, I don't care,' says Archy. 'I'll try it again.'

So down they sat again and the thousand dollars was put up. It was while this game was playing that Tom's wife and Mrs. Potter came into the grocery to buy the sugar, mentioned some time ago. It was then that Mrs. Nimble heard her husband's name called, or mentioned, by Monroe, when he won Tom's thousand dollars. Hence, the course laugh, 'ha, ha, ha! I've got you that time, Nimble!' It was then that Mrs. Nimble went to the door of the News Room and saw her husband sitting at the card table.

Tom was relating to his wife, at the breakfast table, Sunday morning, after she had given him to understand that she had caught him, his success in winning, but said nothing about his losing. She said but little about the gambling part, as she, like most women, was fond of money and cared but little as to how her husband got it, so that she had plenty of it. The drinking was what troubled Lucy's mind, and marred her peace and happiness.— This, Tom plainly saw in her actions; but, as he had plenty money left, he gave her three hundred dollars, saying,

'This is part of what I won last night. Do with it what you please,' while the truth was, he had lost four hundred and five dollars.

So, from time to time, Tom frequents the gambling and drinking saloons, till finally, he becomes

a confirmed drunkard. Though he was worth one hundred thousand dollars, with fine prospects for future success in business, when he first commenced his career in drinking and card-playing, in less than five years he is bankrupt—sold out—don't own a foot of ground, nor is he worth a dollar.—He is turned out of house and home. All this, the fruits of gambling and drinking. Fortunately, they had no children. His father took him, with his wife, home, where he still might have lived well; but he had become such a slave to rum and whisky, that he was a nuisance about the house.—His poor wife grieved herself nearly to death. Her parents, hearing of her situation, sent, and had her brought home. This caused Tom to reflect upon his condition, when there were some symptoms of a reformation to be seen in him. He resolved to go and bring his wife back. He mentioned this to his father and mother. They told him that, perhaps he might get her if would stop drinking. This he promised to do; and did, for a few days; when he started to see his wife, to persuade her to come back and live with him again. But her parents would not consent to her going with him, until they were fully satisfied that he was a reformed man.

He remained in the neighborhood for several weeks, working about—first at one thing and then at another—keeping sober all the time. Again he went to see if his wife would consent to live with him. As he had been pretty steady at work, and kept sober for some time, and promised her that he

would be a better man hereafter, and would treat her well, she consented to go with him. Her parents, having but little faith in his integrity, told her if she went and he should ill-treat her again, never to come to them for shelter.

However, she went with him to his father's house, where they remained for some time, doing tolerably well, when he took it into his head that he must live to himself, and, for that purpose, rented a house. Having some things which the law allowed him, for house-keeping, he took his wife and things to it, and fixed up for a new start in the world. He worked out at day's work, such as chopping wood, mauling rails, &c., and some times he run the river, making a tolerably good living. But, in this latter sphere, he again imbibed the habit of drinking. By degrees, this old and long-accustomed habit grew on him, till at length he was right back in the old path of drunkenness again.

Though he had never, in his first course of drinking, been cross to his wife, the thought of her leaving him once, and going home to her parents, began to fret his mind, and knowing that her parents had told her never to come to them again for shelter if she got in trouble with him, he was determined to have revenge, and sometimes, when under the influence of liquor, he would go home and beat her severely, and make her leave the house and stay in some neighbor's house all night. In the morning we could see him running about

hunting his Lucy, and making promises that he would not do so again. Poor Lucy! Some time before she had joined the church. Sometimes he would prevent her from going to it, which was the only place she saw any pleasure. Sometimes he would go with her to church—not to do any good, but to devil and quarrel with her on the road and after reaching home. At one time, when an invitation was given by the preacher, to persons wishing to join the church, Tom went up and joined. No one thought it was for any good, as he seemed to be somewhat under the influence of liquor at the time. But he didn't continue in the church long before he got drunk and abused his wife again. He continued his career of drunkenness, growing worse and worse, up to the time Mr. Stiles, the Temperance Lecturer, made his appearance in the neighborhood. It will be recollected that, at the time Mr. Stiles came into the town, Tim and Zack were traveling the same road with Tom. But soon after Mr. Stiles commenced his lectures in the neighborhood, they left him, as we noticed in a previous chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

It shall be our aim in this chapter, with the assistance of Tim and Zack, to save Tom, if we can. But we fear we shall have a serious time before we

get him into the Temperance cause, if ever.

Mr. Stiles, having had great success in the cause of Temperance, did not despair making some impression on the mind of Thomas Nimble. Though he knew Tom's prejudices against him, as a man, he thought it best to give him a trial, if, perchance, he might be saved. "If Israel is not gathered, Jacob shall not lose his reward." Mr. Stiles mentioned his intention to give Tom a trial, to his friends, Tim and Zack; and, as Zack was better acquainted with Tom than either Mr. Stiles or Tim, he proposed to have a talk with him, preparatory to Mr. Stiles' interview with him. Accordingly, Zack called to see Tom, who, at the time was under the influence of ardent spirits.

Zack.—Well, Tommy, how do you do by this time?

Tom.—Why, just about as I please. I would be much better if I had something to drink.

Zack.—Ah, Tommy, you have drank too much for your own good.

Tom.—That may be. But where have you been this long time? Why, I havn't seen you for a coon's age.

Zack.—Well, Tom, I've been busy at work.—I've joined the church and the Temperance Society, and since I've become a sober man, I am more or less at work, in order to get square with the world again; and, in the same time, I've thought a great deal about you, as you and I were once great cronies, in the drinking line, and our sentiments,

respecting the Temperance, and all other good causes, about the same. But now, that I have changed my course for better, I'm not satisfied to see you still pursuing the downward course to misery and ruin; and I made up my mind to come down and have a talk with you on the subject.

Tom.—What subject?

Zack.—Why, the subject of Temperance; or, Total Abstinence would be better, I believe.

Tom.—I suppose old Stiles has sent you here. Now, I'll just tell you it's no use for him to bother himself about me. He knows better than come here himself. I guess I'd move his rigging for him. So, Zacky, you may as well go home again for all the good you'll do with me. I'm none of your old women, that can be turned and twisted about by every wind and doctrine, like the rest of you. And you tell Stiles to keep out of my road, if he knows what is good for himself.

Zack.—Well, Tom, I'm really sorry for you, and I hope you'll see your awful condition yet, before it's too late. So, good bye, till I see you again.

After Zack was gone, Tom began to abuse his wife about old Stiles, as he called him, and all others that adopted Stiles' principles. She told him she would advocate the Temperance cause, let it be Stiles' principles or not. And she only wished he was as good a man as Mr. Stiles, Zack, or Tim. This enraged him so that he flew at her to strike her, but she seized a chair and felled him to the floor, and then left the house and did not return to

it till the next day ; when, she took Tim, Zack and Stiles with her. Tom was absent from the house when they first went in, but he soon came in.

‘Well,’ says Tom. ‘What’s the matter ? Have you come to see what you could do with me in this here, what-d’ye-call-it—Temperance, I believe, or some sich name as that ?’

Zack.—Yes, we thought we’d try what we could do in the matter by talking to you on the subject, if you’ll hear us.

Tom.—Well now, Zack, you know I told you the other day that it was no use for you or anybody else to talk to me on that subject. I know my own business better than anybody else knows it for me. So it’s not worth your while to spend your breath talking to me about it. I suppose you brought this here Temperance preacher, Stiles, along to help you. I’d just as soon see the devil come into my house.

Mr. Stiles, then spoke :

‘What have I ever done to you, Mr. Nimble, that you should make such threats upon me as I understand you have been making ever since I have come into this place ?’

Tom.—Well, you’ve never done anything to me directly, more than I understand you’ve been holding meetings about in this place, and talking all kinds of hard things about people who drink intoxicating liquors ; which, I think is none of your business. I’m one of those who drink, but I spend my own money for it, and not yours.

Mr. Stiles.—Well, but look here, Tom. We are certain you don't see the danger you are exposed to. It is impairing your health, and bringing you swiftly to the drunkard's grave. It has already wasted your property; for, I am told, five or six years ago you were worth one hundred thousand dollars, which is now all gone. And how did it go? Ask yourself the question, and if there is a spark of that manly truth remaining within your bosom, which dwelt there when you were accumulating your wealth by the hand of industry, you will answer, drinking and card-playing were the thieves; and then, when you look at the haggard and blighted features of that once lovely, beautiful and affectionate wife, and ask yourself, what has been the cause honesty will compel you to say, my drunkenness and base treatment to her has been the cause of it!

Tom.—Hold on there, sir! Don't you refer to my wife, or call her name. If she dies, it'll be none of your business. Have you got a wife, sir?

Mr. Stiles.—Yes, sir, I have! and a very amiable one at that.

Tom.—Well, you just go and 'tend to her, and don't you meddle with mine, or you and I'll fight right here.

Mr. Stiles.—Hold your horses, Tommy. Don't get into a passion. I don't want to attend to your wife or have anything to say about her further than she deserves. But suppose you were to pass by Zack's house to-morrow, and see him preparing a

dose of poison to give his wife, you would tell him not to do so; and if he was determined on doing it, you would tell her not to take it.

Tom.—Yes, but that's a different thing. A man has no right to kill his wife, or anybody else.

Mr. Stiles.—Yes, but you would be meddling with Zack and his wife, which would be your duty. Well, equally so, you are not only poisoning yourself by the constant use and influence of alcohol, but you are destroying the health and life of your wife by your abuses when under the influence of whisky. And, sir, this may not be all! I once read of a man, who, when under the maddening influence of ardent spirits, would beat his wife and drive her away from her home. Often she would take shelter in a stable or barn, all night, instead of going to her neighbors' houses to expose the brutal conduct of her husband. She soon died from exposure, and if you continue to drink as you have done, and don't meet with an accident yourself—to get an arm or a leg, or perhaps, your neck broken, you may suddenly kill your wife, which you would not do for the world if you were sober. Such things have occurred in times past and may again.

Tom.—Well, I always know what I'm about, so you needn't be concerned about me, or my wife either. More than that, if anything should befall my wife, by my hand, it would be your fault; for, she was a very contented woman until you came here with your harangue on Temperance. Now, she is all the time talking about Mr. Stiles, the

Temperance Lecturer. Mr. Stiles, Mr. Stiles!—Go where you will, it's Mr. Stiles; as if there was no other man in the world but you. I don't like it, and you had better watch me.

Mr. Stiles.—Well, Mr. Nimble, I see plainly what sort of a man you are. You have got an evil, jealous heart. You are jealous of your wife and any respectable man. And a man to be jealous of his wife without a cause, is a dangerous man in a community. Now you seem to insinuate that your wife and me are on terms of intimacy. What right have you to insinuate such stuff as that. Is it because I conduct myself as a gentleman, sober and upright, treating both man and woman with manners and respect, where they deserve it, as my parents taught me from infancy? Other conduct than this has no one seen of me since in this community I have been. But, was I a drunken, worthless vagabond, pulling and hauling your wife about, all would be right; for that is generally the case with such fellows as you. Their houses may be crowded with low, vulgar, filthy trash, exposing their wives to all kinds of blackguardism, and they have no fears of their doing wrong. Oh, no!

Tom.—Well, sir; if such company as that you have just named, suits me, whose business is it?

Mr. Stiles.—It is every moral reformer's business. And if we can't make the man, the head of the house, consider, and refrain from his evil ways, why, we shall seek to convert his wife; and just so soon as she takes a stand against drunkenness,

the man addicted to it becomes disgusting in her sight. Now, Tom, you certainly must know, that a virtuous woman could love a sober man in preference to a drunken, dissipated one. So now, if you have any fears of your wife forsaking you, or thinking more of a respectable man, than of you, your best plan, on that account, would be to become a sober, upright man and husband; and if you don't tell me in a very short time, that your wife would rather be in your company, than any one else, then I will give it up, and let you take your own course.

Here, Tim, who had been silent while Mr. Stiles was talking, spoke, and said :

'I'll vouch for those assertions, sure. For I was once a slave to intemperance, till this gentleman, Mr. Stiles, commenced his lectures on temperance in this neighborhood. My wife asked me to go with her one night to hear the lecture. I promised her I would; but when night came, I was in the grogshop, so drunk I couldn't go. She went, however, and was much pleased. She spoke very favorable of Mr. Stiles, his manner of address, &c; and said she would have been glad had I been with her to hear for myself. I soon saw the effect it would have if I showed much opposition. My wife was a lovely woman, and I assure you I thought I loved her as I did my life. But, when I became addicted to drinking, I disgraced myself and her too. But, thank God! I hadn't gone so far in this vice that I couldn't be recovered. I went with

my wife, according to promise, and heard the lecture for myself; which was the best thing I ever heard in my life. And when the pledge was offered for signers, I was one among the first that signed it, and I have been doing well ever since. And I am confident my wife thinks more of me, than any other man.'

Here, Zack commenced, and said:

'I can be qualified upon the truth of both of these assertions; for I assure you that my case, seemingly, was almost as deplorable as my friend Tommy's. I opposed my wife for some time, till I found I was losing her favor every hour, as may be seen in my former history. But I know I'm doing well ever since I've joined the church and the Temperance Society. My wife and me are happy, and well contented. Our children attend the Sabbath School, and we are teachers in the School.—All this great change, Tommy, is the fruits resulting from the Temperance cause, introduced by my friend, Mr. Stiles.'

Tom.—Well, you all done as you pleased in this matter, and this is the way I intend to do; so you needn't talk to me. You can't force me into measures, no how.

Mr. Stiles.—We don't want to force you into measures, only by force of argument. And if you listen, and give your conscience fair-play, we shall gain our point and no one will be injured, but each party and the community benefitted. So now, we feel that we have argued the subject fairly and

honestly with you, and are now about to leave you to reflect upon it, and hope you will be found on the favorable side of the question. And if we never should be permitted to talk with you on the subject of reformation again, we feel that we have done our duty. Should you continue to travel in the path of wickedness, and finally be overtaken with the hand of the destroyer, you cannot say you were never warned of the danger. So, farewell, till we meet again; and, perhaps that may not be till we meet at the bar of God!

After the company had left Tom's house, he went down town, and stopped in at Pat Mullen's grog shop, where he met with a number of his drinking associates. He told them of the company that had called on him that day to see what they could do with him in the temperance business.

'But,' says he 'they could do nothing with this old chap.'

He called for something to drink—treated the crowd, and another confab is held, with awful threatenings against any one that would dare to say a word against drinking. Another of the crowd called for something to drink. This drank and Tom had got tolerable high, and made for home—cursing and swearing what he would do with his wife for bringing that old Stiles to his house.

'She had better look out,' he said, 'for I'll give her the devil to eat this night.'

Sure enough, he reached home just drunk enough to be quarrelsome, but a little too drunk to run a

straight line, and keep his feet at all times. He staggered into the house and sat down for a few moments, and then commenced.

'Look here, Luce ! What possessed you to fetch that fellow right here into my house, when you know I hate him worse than I do the devil.'

Lucy.—What fellow are you talking about ?

Tom.—Don't ask me what fellow or I'll make you know who I mean. You know very well I mean that old lover of yours.

Lucy.—I don't know who you're talking about.

Tom.—I'm talking about old Stiles.

Lucy.—Well, don't you talk to me about Mr Stiles ; unless you are going to talk with some sense or reason.

Tom jumped up and said, 'I'll talk with sense and reason to you.'

Lucy ran out of the house and Tom after her but his headway was stopped by his foot coming in contact with a stick of wood, which lay in the yard, and he fell and broke his arm. He called to Lucy,

'Oh, my dear wife, I've broken my arm !'

Lucy turned and found it true enough. His arm was broken !

She called one of the neighbor's children, and sent for Zack and his wife to come quick. They came. The doctor was sent for and his arm set and bandaged. Zack said to him,

'Tommy, you recollect in our last interview, we told you that this was one of the disasters you

might meet with if you continued to drink, but little did we think it would happen so soon.'

Tom.—Yes, had I taken your advice I might have shunned this. But it's too late now, my arm's broken. If I get over this I will take your advice.

It may be seen that Lucy had the ascendancy over him in this case, though she had a good deal of trouble with him while his arm was sore and painful, which lasted for some weeks; yet she had kind neighbors who administered to her wants while Tom was helpless.

At length Tom's arm began to get well. Though he was not able to work, he was able to walk about, and again he commenced visiting the grog-shops, by which his old habits were again revived, and he soon forgot the promises he had made to Zack, Mr. Stiles, and others who had visited him during his illness, that he would take their advice in future and not drink any more.

CHAPTER X.

TOM CONTINUES HIS HABIT OF VISITING THE GROG-SHOPS.

Day after day, and night after night did he return home under the influence of ardent spirits—abusing his wife, who was often compelled to flee

from home to save her life, and seek shelter among her neighbors. But, O! the fatal moment at last arrived.

After Lucy had retired to bed at a late hour one night, Tom came home drunk as usual. He ordered her to get up and get him something to eat, which she refused to do, from the fact that there was nothing in the house to cook or prepare for him. Tom sat by the fire till Lucy fell asleep again, when he went out of doors and brought in the axe, and struck her one blow in the head and killed her!

Miserable wretch! After he had committed the horrible deed, drunk as he was, he would fain have restored Lucy to life again. But alas, it was too late! The deed was done. Lucy could not be aroused from the sleep of death, inflicted upon her by the hand of her cruel husband. As day drew nigh, and Tom began to get sober, the more did his horrible crime, just committed upon the person of his wife, together with the warnings he had had from Tim, Zack and Mr. Stiles, of the final result of his wicked course, stare him in the face.—As soon as it was daylight he went to Zack's house to tell him what had happened, and give himself up. As he drew near the house, he cried out,

'I've done the deed, Zack!'

'What have you done, Tom?'

'I've killed Lucy! Oh, that I had never been born, or that I had taken your advice! My race is run! I'm ruined!'

Zack sent for Tim and his wife, Mr. Stiles, and other of the neighbors, and all went to Tom's house and found Lucy in a gore of blood—a lifeless corpse!

Tom was arrested and put in prison to await his trial. Lucy was decently buried by the church, and friends of the Temperance cause. Tom stood his trial—was convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hung. Mr. Blake, the minister, visited him in prison, and talked with him on the subject of repentance, and the necessity of striving, the few days he yet had to live, to save his immortal soul.

Tom.—Mr. Blake, I can but thank you for your good advice. But my day of grace is past. I've been warned of this, my sad end, when it was in my power to have saved myself, and my poor wife that I've murdered, and while I was convinced that I was doing wrong, in pursuing my wicked course, yet, I rejected good counsel—hardened my heart—stiffened my neck against all truths advanced in favor of moral reform, christianity, &c., until I am now an inmate of this prison—the murderer of my once dear wife—a candidate for the gallows and the drunkard's grave. A wretch doomed to hell! It may be possible for men, after having spent all their days in dissipation and drunkenness, to be brought down upon a bed of death, caused by the effect of drinking ardent spirits, to repent and be forgiven, and at last be received into heaven. But to me there does not seem to be much reason

about it. I am certain there is no mercy for me.— I am lost, lost forever!

The day of execution arrived. Tom is brought out of jail to the gallows. He ascends the scaffold and is allowed thirty minutes to address the multitude around him.

HIS ADDRESS.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I stand before you this day, a murderer, condemned and sentenced to be hung for the murder of my once lovely wife. There are in this great multitude, three classes of people I wish to address. The youth—the men who have not yet tread the drunkard's path, and the drunkard who has not yet gone beyond the line of redemption.

YOUTH.—Behold! before you stands one upon the verge of eternity, who once, like you, was young and bid fair for a long and useful life. I was the pride of the hearts of my father and mother, who spared no pains to give me a good education, and prepare me for business and usefulness in life.

Many of you are acquainted with my history, my commencement and prosperity in business—my marriage, and devotedness to a beautiful and loving wife. But, dear youths, do you ask me why I am here, and what has been the cause of my ruin?

I answer; the association of bad company—the gambling table and the drunkard's cup. These have been my ruin! Oh! let me warn you dear

youths to shun bad company. Shun those abominable sinks of iniquity. Attend the Sabbath School. Attend the house of God, for in both these you may learn lessons, which if practiced, will enable you to steer your bark safe over the sea of time and land in the haven of repose.

Ho! ye men who have never yet found the drunkard's path! Let me say to you, you would do well to join the Total Abstinence Society. Sign the Pledge! Stick to it while you live and you will never become drunkards.

NOW TO THE DRUNKARDS:—Let me advise you as one who has been a confirmed drunkard, and guilty of a crime committed while under the influence of whisky, the murder of my wife, and am now about to suffer the penalty of death, and in a very few moments shall be in eternity, beyond the reach of mercy. Take the advice of a dying man. Forsake the grogshops—the gambling tables, and the company of drunkards and gamblers. Join the Temperance Society and the church, as my friends Tim and Zack have done, who were once like you, traveling the road that leads to the drunkard's grave, but are now respectable and useful citizens. Do this and you will not regret it.

Turning to Tim and Zack, who were on the scaffold with him, he took them by the hand, and said:

‘My old acquaintances! We were once all traveling the same road to ruin together. But you were apprised of your danger and turned out of the way and left me. Though you strove hard to save

me, I would not hear your counsel. I took my own course which has resulted as you told me.— Though I am lost I hope you will not lose your reward. So, fare-you-well!’

He shook hands with Mr. Stiles and asked his forgiveness, for his abuses heaped upon him when he would talk to him, to get him to see his awful condition. His time had expired. He turned to the multitude, with tears rolling down his cheeks, and said,

‘Fare-well, till I meet you at the bar of God!’

The Sheriff adjusted the rope—drew the cap over his face, and in a moment all was over with him. Thus ends the career of Thomas Nimble.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF TIM AND ZACK.

Perhaps the reader may ask, what was the early history or character of Tim and Zack, as we neglected, in the beginning, to give a description of them in their early life.

Well, they were raised in the country, by their parents, who were wealthy farmers, about equal in circumstances and near neighbors. The education of the two boys was about what is usual to farmers—nothing to brag of. They grew up to be

young men, and married good wives. Their parents set them up in the farming business, by giving each a farm containing eighty acres, with some stock and farming implements to begin with. They both done well, and prospered for several years.— They became noted as monied men, and their company was sought by that class of gentry who love to visit and set about those places generally known as respectable Coffee Houses. They soon became identified with them in visiting those places—imbibed the habit of drinking, and soon they became drunkards—neglecting their farms and families—fast sinking to poverty and disgrace, up to the time they are noticed in the beginning of this narrative.

HUSBAND, DON'T STAY LONG.

This is a request very frequently made by the fond wife, when her husband is about leaving his home, as he says, for a few moments. 'No I'll not be gone more than an hour at most. You may get supper ready by the time I return.'

Away he goes. His loving wife follows him to the door and watches him till he is out of sight, when she closes the door and hastes to prepare the evening tea.

The hour has passed away. She has her table spread and everything neatly prepared. She steps to the door, expecting to see her husband, the object of her affection, returning. But she does not see him. She returns again to her work, disappointed. Another hour rolls around, and again she goes to the door, but he is not yet in sight.—Again she returns to her work discomfited. Hour after hour passes away. She listens to hear the sound of her husband's feet, but all is still as death. She sighs—she trembles. She cannot eat her morsel alone. She sets it away by the fire to keep it warm, and still looks for his return. 'Something

must have happened him, for he never staid away so late at night before.' Ah! what has caused his delay? Why, he met an old acquaintance of his, whom he had not seen for several years; and now for old acquaintance-sake they must have something to drink, and into the grogshop they go, where they met with some others who had stopped in to get something to quench their thirst. A glass for each is called for and drank. A seat is taken and some of the past events talked over, when the second glass is called for and drank. By this time it occurs to his mind that he promised his wife to be home in an hour. Two hours had already passed away, but instead of going home their seats are again resumed. Tobacco is freely used in smoking and chewing, with their filthy conversation, &c., continued. The effect of the two previous glasses has made him forget his home, or that he had a loving wife who anxiously looked for his return according to his promise to her when he left home. The third glass is called for and drank, when the gate-keeper to ruin, as he should be called, (I mean the grogshop man,) finds that they will be of no use to him, themselves, or anybody else, tells them they must leave, as his house has, suddenly, become too small to entertain them any longer. He turns them out to seek their homes. In fact he don't care where they go to so they get out of his way. Out they are pushed, or dragged, into the streets. It was cold, rainy and muddy. The husband, or might we not say the brute, then be-

gins to recollect that he has a wife and a home some where, but he scarcely knew what course to take to find them. However, he made the attempt to get home, and after great difficulty, falling and rolling about in the mud, he reached it about twelve o'clock at night. His poor wife who had spent the night thus far in tears and sorrow, scarcely knew him. Ah! reader, can you imagine the feelings of that distressed wife at such a sight? And what would you do in such a case? Well, says one, I'll tell you what I would do. I would wait till he got to bed and asleep, and then I would sew him up in the sheet and give him one hundred lashes with a thorn-bush, well laid on. He would always remember me after that.

POLLYPHINE STEPTOE.

Perkins called him in. After the usual salutation, of 'how do you do,' &c., Perkins asked Allen, 'How are you getting on with your school?'

Allen.—Well, slowly. There are not many children coming to school now.

Perkins.—Well, sir, it's an awful hard time now for people to get along. Everything is so dear, and very little work to do. Money is so scarce that it's as much as the people can do to keep soul and body together. At least I find it so about my house.

Allen.—Well, I've often wondered why you and Hoyt didn't send your children to school.

Perkins.—Well, I know mine ought to go, but, indeed, I can't afford it. Times have been so hard for the last year that I haven't been able to clothe my children well enough to send them to school, and I won't send them looking worse than other people's children. There they are, you can see for yourself how they look. And then, there's their books to buy and pay for.

Allen.—Well, Mr. Perkins, it seems to me that I can put you on a plan to clothe your children—send them to school—buy all the books they need—pay for their schooling and have money left at the end of the year.

Perkins.—Well, sir, if you'll show me how it's to be done, I'll thank you, and it may be something in your pocket, too.

Allen.—Well, I was noticing your conversation with Mr. Hoyt, last week, at Saul Thompson's.—

You said you spent twenty-five cents a day for drink, and fifteen cents a day for chewing tobacco and cigars. Now let us make a calculation and see what it amounts to in a year.

Now, there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. Your drink at twenty-five cents a day will amount to ninety-one dollars and twenty-five cents. Your tobacco and cigars at fifteen cents a day, will be fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents. Add the two sums together, and you'll have the snug little sum of one hundred and forty-six dollars. Well, now let us see what the schooling of four children would be a year. We'll say ten months in a year, and twenty-two school days in a month, would be two hundred and twenty days. At five cents a day for each child, would be eleven dollars for one, or forty-four dollars for four. Now deduct forty-four dollars from one hundred and forty-six, and you have a surplus of one hundred and two dollars left to dispose of for clothing and books, as necessity may require. Now, I suppose you see plainly what may be done in the way of schooling your children.

Perkins.—Yes, sir, that's quite plain, to be sure.

Allen.—Now, let me ask you a question. How long have you been married?

Perkins.—Twelve years.

Allen.—Have you always spent money in the way you've said?

Perkins.—Yes, sir. And the first two or three

years it cost me more, for I was in much better circumstances than I am now. I had a great many visitors, and I always kept liquor in my house, of the very best; besides, I spent away from home about what I do now.

Allen.—Well, I suppose you have never taken a thought of making a calculation of the amount of money you've squandered in the twelve years you've been married?

Perkins.—No, sir, I havn't.

Allen.—Well, let's see what it will amount to. Twelve times one hundred and forty-six, is seventeen hundred and fifty-two dollars; enough to have bought a handsome little farm.

Perkins.—Well, sir, I never would have dreamed it would amount to that much money, and I've spent it nearly all at old Saul Thompson's. No wonder he's getting rich.

Allen.—Yes, and let me show you something else you've not thought of. Old Thompson, you know has two sons going to College, and two daughters at the Female Seminary. They already feel too high to associate with your family. And look at Thompson's wife. Why, you can hear her silks rattling a half a square before you get to her. And how did she get it? Why, you helped to pay for it while you neglected your own. How does he afford to send his sons to College, and his daughters to the Female Seminary? Why, you helped him to pay the bill while you neglected your own children. Let his sons finish their education and

they're out for Senators and law-makers. Making laws to oppress the poor, by which your sons and daughters will be made to suffer, if they are not educated to cope with them.

Perkins.—Well, I've always thought old Saul and his wife both very clever. My wife often goes down there and stays a whole half a day at a time, and then Mrs. Thompson don't want her to come away.

Allen.—Well, the business they are in requires them to be friendly in order to keep your custom. But let them retire from business once, and you'll soon see the difference. Do they visit your house?

Perkins.—Well, Saul himself comes up quite often, but Mrs. Thompson, I believe, hasn't been here but once in a year.

Allen.—That proves what I tell you. Your custom is a great spoke in the wheel, and it's to Saul's advantage to be friendly, but Saul and his wife won't walk in company with you and your wife to the Episcopal church next Sunday morning, I'll bet you.

Perkins.—Well, perhaps they won't. But I'm thinking about them seventeen hundred dollars I've spent with him in twelve years. Are you sure it's that much?

Allen.—There's the figures to show for themselves.

Perkins.—Well, well! Seventeen hundred dollars—his children graduating at College—mine at home here, not fit to send down town of an errand

for the want of decent clothes—his wife dressed up in silk and satins, mine nothing but common calico—Saul himself dressed up in broad cloth, while I have nothing but fried linsey. Well, he'll never get any more of my money for drink or tobacco. Mr. Allen, you may put me down for four scholars. I'll send them week after next. I've got a little money yet. I'll pay one month in advance. Let's see, I believe you said a dollar and ten cents a month.

Allen.—Well, we'll say a dollar a month. That will be four dollars for the four.

Now, Mr. Perkins, you are able to make a calculation of these things, suppose you show Mr. Hoyt what he is doing to himself and children, and perhaps he may follow your example. So, good day, sir.

Reader, how is it with you, who ever you may be? Have you been squandering your living, to help the rum and whisky seller to get rich, and educate his children, to the poverty and ruin of yourself and yours? If so, make a calculation, like Ira Perkins, and quit it from that day.

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

BY W. J. GREENLY.

Rejoice not over me because I am small and weak in appearance, said the Pen to the Press, as the Press was boasting of his wonderful power over the nations of the earth. 'I', said the Press, 'am continually giving information of the past, present, and future.'

'Ah!' said the Pen, 'I admit that thou art mighty, both to build up and to tear down, to gather and to scatter, and to do many mighty works, but without my aid what couldst thou do, powerful and mighty as thou art? In fact, I believe it will be admitted by all intelligent beings, that small and feeble as I am, to look upon, I am your master. And why? Because there is but little, if anything, you ever speak, either important, or unimportant that I have not said before you. Why, sir, you could not give the intelligence you boast of, if I did not spread your work before you. I must be on the premises, ready to correct Orthography, Grammar, &c., before it is committed to your hands. Hence, nearly all you boast so loudly of doing and saying you have borrowed from me.—Now, sir, if what I said respecting your inability

to work without my aid be true, then it must be admitted that you are my servant. I will admit that you are a faithful servant, to send or spread abroad before the inhabitants of the earth such information as I and my nation may feel disposed to put you in possession of. True, you are composed of many parts, and gigantic in your structure.— You make a loud noise in the hearing of those around you, but your race, comparatively, are but few in number, while mine is innumerable. Silently we move along, and all the world and “the rest of mankind” are our friends. In almost every city, town and country in the world, we are known, and in nearly every family, we have a resting place. We are composed of many tribes; Gold, Silver, Brass, Steel, Feather, &c., and so valuable are we, that men, women and children will exchange Gold, Silver and Copper for us. Daily are we employed in every public business capacity, as well as in private family and individual concerns, and only such matter, intended to be everybody’s business, is intrusted to you and yours—from the fact that you were never known to keep a secret. True, you have found or stolen some secret things that were not intended for you, and you have made capital of it, but this is dishonesty. Thousands of little affairs are intrusted to us that you are never permitted to see or hear of.’

